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23.—*Enoch Arden*. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. pp. 59.

Enoch Arden. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1865. pp. 78.

THESE two illustrated editions of "*Enoch Arden*," prepared for the holidays, show the great advance that has been recently made in America in the arts subsidiary to book-making. They very fairly rival the books of a similar class produced in England. They are not intended so much for the delight of the connoisseur of book-making as a fine art, or of the true bibliophile, as to meet the demand of the general public for ornamental books which may serve as pretty gifts. And for this end each of these volumes will answer, and both, save for an important consideration in respect to one of them, which we shall presently notice, might well be popular.

The illustrated volume of poems has of late years been the favorite style of gift-book. A vast deal of expense, labor, skill, and taste has been expended on the production of these annuals, but after all few of them deserve to outlive their year. They serve their purpose as ornaments for the drawing-room table, but keep their prettiness only a little longer than a Parisian *bonbonnière*, and not so long as a Sèvres cup. They are trinkets of a passing fashion. A really fine book is a fine thing, to last for centuries. There are some illustrated books which the most fastidious amateur prizes among the treasures of his exclusive library. Rogers's *Poems*, and his "*Italy*" are kept in remembrance by the exquisite illustrations with which they are adorned. But these pictorial gift-books are got up for a transient sale, are not intended to last over a year, and must then give way to a newer novelty. This would be a pity, if men of genius commonly illustrated them. In the rare cases in which such men have been employed in the work, the book, in spite of its holiday air, which unfits it too often for sober use, does attain a certain immortality. The edition of Tennyson's *Poems* illustrated by Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais is one of these exceptions. Will either of these editions of "*Enoch Arden*" be another?

The question can be easily answered as regards one of them,—that illustrated by Mr. Billings. The artist himself would perhaps be surprised that it should be asked, for he has plainly had no idea of the sort himself. His illustrations display all the facility of conception, all the skill in mechanical treatment, which long practice has given him; they show delicate and unaffected sentiment, but they are not inspired with imaginative insight, they reveal nothing that the poem does not tell in words, and do not render its simplicity of pathos or its depth of ten-

derness. They are pretty little pictures, on which a severe criticism would be unjust.

But the illustrations in the other edition — “the author’s edition” — profess, at least, to be of a higher order, and subject themselves consequently to a more exacting criticism. Here, however, we are met with a difficulty. The wood-cuts, owing, no doubt, in part to the novelty in America of the style of work attempted, obviously represent very imperfectly the original designs, thus putting criticism at fault. We can hardly believe that such a skilful imitation of Japanese art as the illustration entitled “The Island Home” can be due to the artist’s intention, even though the monogram in the corner betrays a love of quaintness which appears unpleasantly in some of his other designs. In the work of some rare men, quaintness is found united with simplicity and strength; but it is more commonly the indication of weakness, and a vain effort after originality.

There is poetic feeling in one or two of Mr. La Farge’s designs, there is a touch of imagination here and there in Mr. Vedder’s work, there is simple, natural sentiment in several of Mr. Hennessey’s drawings; but the series as a whole is not distinguished by the unmistakable strokes of genius, and some of the designs are positively bad. The artists are young men, and their work has the characteristics of youth. It reminds us of better things. “Enoch’s Supplication” is studied from Blake’s designs for the Book of Job, while others of the illustrations show the influence of the school of Millais.

This is not strange. Originality and imagination are not commonly to be bought or hired in the market. There are few Gustave Dorés, still fewer William Blakes. Simplicity and truthfulness are, however, virtues which may go far to supply the place of higher qualities, and are essential to the value and excellence of a work of art. It is the want of these which is the only unpardonable sin. Mr. La Farge, Mr. Vedder, and Mr. Hennessey give proof of talents which may secure them an honorable place as artists, if they will seek and possess themselves of these prime virtues, which they seem at present to prize too low.

We cannot dismiss these volumes without the expression of our regret that Messrs. Tilton and Company should have issued the editions of “Enoch Arden” which have lately appeared bearing their imprint. In so doing, they have violated the comity of the trade, and have done their best to injure the interests, not only of Mr. Tennyson’s recognized American publishers, but also of Mr. Tennyson himself, and of all other English authors whose works are reprinted by arrangement in this country. They have done this wrong and committed this dishon-

orable action knowingly, for Mr. Tennyson had publicly declared: "It is my wish that with Messrs. Ticknor and Fields alone the right of publishing my books in America should rest."

The liberal terms which some of our publishing houses have made with foreign authors for the privilege of reprinting their books, have been made with confidence that this privilege would be respected by other publishers as vesting them with a right to exclusive publication. This is the general understanding of the trade. It is this understanding that makes property in such books valuable. In disregarding this consideration, Messrs. Tilton and Company have made an attack on private property for which there is no justification. Although there is no law by which it may be punished, we trust that the trade and the public of book-buyers will unite to show their sense that privateering of this sort deserves no mercy.

24. — *The Market-Book, containing a Historical Account of the Public Markets in the Cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, with a brief Description of every Article of Human Food sold therein, the Introduction of Cattle in America, and Notices of many remarkable Specimens.* By THOMAS F. DE VOE, Member of the New York Historical Society, etc. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York. 1862. 8vo. pp. 621.

THE author of this book subscribes his modest Preface, "Thomas F. De Voe, *Butcher*," a title which, in connection with that which graces his title-page, gives assurance of the solid character of his book. He is an author in spite of himself. Having been led to make some researches in the archives of the New York Historical Society to gratify his own curiosity as to the antiquities of his profession, he was induced to prepare a paper on this subject, and to read it before the Society in acknowledgment of its services to him. His labors were so warmly received that the expanding of his paper into a book was simply a development in the order of nature. The book itself is best described by the following sentence from its second title-page: "This volume contains a history of the public markets of the city of New York, from its first settlement to the present time, with numerous curious and remarkable incidents connected therewith, the introduction of cattle, supplies, trading, prices, and laws; sketches of the old burgher butchers, and the licensed butchers of modern times; together with a compilation of facts of every sort and character relating to the subject."

Not the least edifying portions of this book are those in which the